

Unpublished MS.

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K
SCHIR GINKERTOUNIS GARLAND;

or,

DAWIS THE DAY.

and the

SCOTTISMANIS GARLAND;

or,

*Schir Andro Wode his Battell
wi Schir Stevin Bull.*

Two Ancient Poems.



Entered according to Order.

SCHIR GINKERTOUNIS
GARLAND;

OR, SHIR

DAWIS THE DAY.

An ancient Poem.

LEMAN, Leman, dawis the Day?
Fra yee I maun be gaeing,
Ye hawtand sin lenes brichtlie,
An blawis me for staeing.

Ye Cock he craws, ye Goudspink sings,
Ye Laverocks i' ye skie,
Ye Merle he whustles, mang ye lave,
His sang melodiouslie.

O, gin I war a wee wee burd,
I wad creep intil yine breast,
An nevir nevir fra yee gae,
But yare I'd big my neist.

He's up and left ye Leddies bour,
An till ye forrest gane,
An left ye Leddy Margaret
A' greeting a her lane.

Its by and cam her Billie dear,
"What gars ye greet, quo he,
Ye've goud and monie whyte, Tittie,
tenementis three.



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 " Gif ye were puir as mony ane,
 Withouten house or frien,
 An coverit wi noyis sare,
 Ye than micht bot complen.

" But ye've nae caus to mak querell,
 Or quakis as ye dee,
 Gae busk yeresel, ye fulis lass,
 An mak na mair adee."

" What's goud to mee, O billie dear,
 Or monie whyte or lan?
 I murnis quhat I car mo for;
 I murnis for ane man.

" Schir Ginkertoune he is my luvie,
 Its for him that I greet
 Its gif ye get him unto me
 I'se thank ye, billie sweet."

" Oh, Tittie! Tittie! yare's na ane
 O gentle bluid bot he,
 In Scottis or in Southron lan,
 Bot I wad give to yee.

" Bot he is ane I canna thole
 For reasonis twa or three."

" An quhats' ye reasonis, billie dear,
 O speak, before I dee!"

" Lord William was thy seyther deary,
 An mine also he wis;
 Ye bluid yat flowis in my venis
 Doth also flo in his.

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Tho bot of haffin bluid he is,
Thy billie troth be he;
Thy feyther, on his deeing bedde,
Did telleit unto me.

Ye leddy hearde ye novellis sadde,
An mad no ony plain,
Bot couped ower upon ye hearthe,
Her heart had brak in twain.

Schir Ginkertoune to Rhodis ile
A red crosse Knicht did flee,
An gainst ye Prudentis an ye Turkis
Did ficht rite valiantlie

**SCHIR ANDRO WODE HIS
BATTELL**

SCHIR STEVIN BULL.

Schir Andro Wode he was a man
Of mykle worthie and braiv,
He fouchten for our noble King
In schipis oupon the waiv.

The king of Inglonde he was wroth
That ane Scottisman, wi tua,
Shoud fechten out his monie schipis,
And tak thame prisonours au.

And he throughout his kingdome bigge,
 Did proclamatiounes mak;
 Offerand ane thousand pund be yeir,
 Schir Andro Wode to tak.

And up and spak a bald captaine,
 Schir Stephin Bull was he;
 And I sall fecht this Scottisman,
 Till he sall prisonour be.

Quhairat the king of faire Inglonde,
 Rojoyest greattumlie;
 And causet provyd the said captaine,
 Schipis and artillarie.

And he past to our Scottis Firth,
 And saillet up and down;
 And of our fischin boattis tuik
 Ful monie and ful soon.

But when Schir Andro Wode he spyed,
 Wi tu schippis in his sail,
 Full merrielie and blyth was he,
 Au to their pairtis did haill.

No enemies our bald captaine,
 Thocht in the Scottis sea;
 And knowing ne impediment,
 He saillet richt pertlie.

But whan the Inglisch he did se,
 No fear had he at au;
 His men to battell did exhort,
 To conquer or to fa.

We fechten for our noble King,
 Our wyfes and bairnies guid,
 And for their sakes wel always shed
 The last drap of our bluid.

And he has percit the auld red wyne,
 And thame to drink did gie,
 And everie man to his neebor swere,
 Fra Suthren ner to flee.

And stoutlie forward then cam they,
 Afore the blawing ayr;
 Oupon the Inglisch captane's schipis,
 To bete or fecht ne maire.

Se than the battle did begin
 Agen the suthren fae;
 Fra ryssing to the setting sune,
 Upon a sommeris day.

The Scottis they foucht lik lionis bald,
 And monie an Inglisch slew;
 The slauchter that they made that day,
 Made Inglondes folk to rue.

The Inglisch foucht full bald and ferce,
 As Inglischman do ay,
 And for ye strokis they gat they gied,
 As I sall neer gainsai.

Yitt quhen the nicht it did cum on
 And they were forcit to stay,
 They partit lik to tigers mad,
 Diprivit of their preye.

Bot ere the sune begain to ryse,
 Hicht from its westren byde,
 The trumpettis they began to blaw,
 Richt lood from aither syde.

And then they foucht we awfa rage,
 And killit so cruellie,
 That near a battell ere there was
 So terribill to see.

But neer a man can fecht se weill,
 Nor fechtand for his ane;
 Nathing can make the arm se strang,
 Nor saiv anes countries stain.

The Inglisch, tho thay foucht se bald
 As never men might de,
 Saive Scottismen, wha niver rest,
 Ountil they win the day.

Schir Stevin was a prisonour made,
 His schipis and sailors an,
 Hame to the King, Schir Andro tuik,
 Afore his feet to fa.

Our noble King he was richt gladde,
 And usit them courtieslie;
 Guid goud he gaiv, and sent them wi
 Their schipis to their countrie.

Ge tell the king of faire Inglonde,
 That se I use the braiv;
 Bot if sic here again he sends,
 Thel fin a watric graiv.

Schir Andro Wode, our braive captaine,
 Was thankit graciouslie;
 Rewards and honour he did git
 Fra king and his countrie.

This battell feree it was fechtand
 Nere to the rock of Bass;
 And when wi Suthrens we de fecht,
 May ner wear cum to pass.

